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Harriett Schleiter
Iowa State College

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Nile Styles

By HARRIETT SCHLEITER

NEVER before in history did haughty Dame Fashion bow down so humbly and completely to one man as she does today to King Tut. Perhaps tomorrow the fickle lady of fashion will model herself to please the eyes of an Indian chief or a Chinese mandarin, but now King Tut holds full sway over her heart and influences her every slightest whim.

From the style of her hair dress to the shoes on her dainty feet My Lady of today is entirely and wholly Egyptian. Her curly hair has become straight, and on it she places a hat, with the serpent of power coiled about it; or a large buckle of red, blue, green, and yellow gems mixed with rhinestones, and fashioned in the shape of a lotus blossom or a sphinx. On her slippers may sparkle buckles to match the one on her hat. Or perhaps her feet are shod in King Tut sandals, a lovely version of the original sandals.

As to her jewelry—her earrings grow longer and dangle to her shoulders. Around her neck she wears one of the innumerable types of Egyptian ornaments. On her arms are little transparent "slave bracelets" made of colored glass. Paris has designed a new novelty which is an exact reproduction of documents in red galalith, featuring a broken ring with the pin crossing the circle. It is used to hold draperies at the waist line or in the form of a bracelet. Surely one would expect to see My Lady strolling on the banks of the Nile, rather than along Fifth Avenue or Main Street.



And every day countless miles of materials covered with strange little Egyptian motifs are turned out of the textile factories. One of the favorite types is a beige or navy ground coloring with

embroidery of very intense and varied colors, worked out in typical Egyptian motifs, with human figures and medalion effects. These materials are whisked into gowns and blouses by the flying fingers of designers and dress makers.

Even the veils and gloves and parasols, if they are of the newest, follow in line. And the earth seems to have fairly blossomed out with Egyptian handkerchiefs, worn, for some twisted reason, tied about the neck or wrist, in a most interesting way.

I saw recently an advertisement of a kind of corset and brassier which gave one the straight line silhouette of those ancient maidens of Egypt. So even the extreme faddist will possibly change her form.

The fashion has even cropped out in interior decoration. Draperies with Egyptian designs are shown in furniture magazine advertisements as well as in the shops. Wall papers are now being manufactured with a frieze-like border on which one sees a continuous line of figures which tell a story as those found on the old temples. But it is lack of discrimination that will substitute these designs for the more restful and suitable backgrounds of plain or near-tone wall paper that good taste demands.

Of course the fad cannot last for long at this high pitch. But it is prophesied by Mrs. Olive Quitman, a leading style critic, that the coming modes will have a suggestion of the Egyptian rather than the actuality.

Shall Mother Have a Vacation?

By EDA LORD MURPHY

WE have all told Mother that it is high time for her to have a real vacation. She admits she's never had one; at least not the kind we mean. Of course when we were youngsters she used to take from one to four of us and visit Grandmother.

But I wonder now how anyone had the temerity to call that trip a vacation. It usually occurred just after "the fourth." She waited to see how many of us had casualties and if no one was incapacitated by lock jaw or total blindness, we started.

First, of course, we had to be "sewed up." Best and second best dresses, aprons galore, new hair ribbons, hose all darned and each girl provided with a floppy hat with flowers. (They are in style again, I see by today's paper.) Then there was the packing! Each of us staggered under the weight of a small suit case and Mother, poor dear, was almost obliterated by the hand luggage. Of course we had to take food! It wouldn't have seemed right to travel without provisions. Anything could happen in the 60 miles that lie between our

home and grandmother's. Didn't we take a train once, that was two days late? A wash out on the line is no joke when your traveling companions are children of assorted ages, assorted sizes, and assorted dispositions. I think an occasional convulsion was taken for granted too. Grandmother never has admitted that fried chicken or bananas might have been the cause. She always thought it

MOTHER

I have praised many loved ones in my song,

And yet I stand
Before her shrine, to whom all things belong,
With empty hand.

Perhaps the ripening future holds a time
For things unsaid;
Not now; men do not celebrate in rhyme
Their daily bread.

—Theresa Helburn.

was the excitement of coming to see her! If the train was on time, and if the horses weren't being borrowed by the neighbors, and if the hired man hadn't left the day before and if the mud wasn't too deep (you know it always rains on the Fourth!) and if everything else was propitious, we usually arrived in time for supper.

We children had a glorious time, but poor Mother! She felt she ought to help with the work; the kitchen was more inconvenient than ours at home, the pump was nearer the barn than the house, the windmill squeaked and everything animate and inanimate, conspired to make Mother miserable. She simply couldn't help worrying about the boys, they were left at home and Father was far too busy to look after them much. She was so afraid they'd play with matches or light the fire with gasoline or do any one of a thousand dangerous things. It's no wonder that when Mother told us fairy stories, she described a calm and quiet mountain or an imaginary ocean voyage or the splendor of a big hotel.

So now we've decided that she must